Enter Gratiano.

Grati. Faire ſir, you are well ore-tane:
My L. *Baſſanio* vpon more aduice,
hath ſent you heere this ring, and doth intreate
your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be;
his ring I doe accept moſt thankfully,
and ſo I pray you tell him: furthermore,
I pray you ſhew my youth old *Shylockes* houſe.

Gra. That will I doe.

Ner. Sir, *I* would ſpeake with you:
Ile ſee if *I* can get my husbands ring
vvhich I did make him ſweare to keepe for euer.

Por. Thou maiſt I warrant, we ſhal haue old ſwearing
that they did giue the rings away to men;
but wele out-face them, and out-ſweare them to:
away, make haſt, thou knowſt where I will tarry.

Ner. Come good ſir, will yov ſhew me to this houſe.

Enter Lorenzo and Ieſſica.

Lor. The moone ſhines bright. In ſuch a night as this,
vvhen the ſweet winde did gently kiſſe the trees,
and they did make no noyſe, in ſuch a night
Troylus me thinks mounted the Troian walls,
and ſigh'd his ſoule toward the Grecian tents
vvhere *Creſſed* lay that night.

Ieſſi. In ſuch a night
did *Thiſbie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
and ſaw the Lyons ſhadow ere him ſelfe,
and ranne diſmayed away.

Loren. In ſuch a night
ſtoode *Dido* with a willow in her hand
vpon the wilde ſea banks, and waft her Loue
to come againe to Carthage.

Ieſſi. In ſuch a night
Medea gathered the inchanted hearbs
that did renew old *Eſon*.

Loren. In ſuch a night

did

did *Ieſſica* ſteale from the wealt
and with an vnthrift loue did ru
as farre as Belmont.

Ieſſi. In ſuch a night
did young *Lorenzo* ſweare he lo
ſtealing her ſoule with many vo
and nere a true one.

Loren. In ſuch a night
did pretty *Ieſſica* (like a little ſhr
ſlaunder her Loue, and he forga

Ieſſi. I would out-night you
But harke, I heare the footing o

Enter a Meſſeng

Loren. Who comes ſo faſt in

Meſſen. A friend?

Loren. A friend, what friend,

Meſſ. Stephano is my name, a
my Miſtres will before the breal
beheere at Belmont, ſhe doth ſt
by holy croſſes where ſhe kneel
for happy wedlock houres.

Loren. Who comes with her?

Meſſ. None but a holy Hern
I pray you is my Maiſter yet ret

Loren. He is not, nor we haue
But goe we in I pray thee *Ieſſica*,
and ceremoniouſly let vs prepare
ſome welcome for the Miſtres o

Clowne. Sola, ſola: wo ha, ho

Loren. Who calls?

Clo. Sola, did you ſee M. *Loren*

Loren. Leaue hollowing man,

Clowne. Sola, where, where?

Loren. Heere?

Clow. Tell him there's a Poſt
horne full of good newes, my M
ſweete ſoule.

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